

# The Evening World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 57  
Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office  
at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 43.....NO. 14,985.

## THE DEVEY CAMPAIGN.

Those must be accorded exceptionally fortunate New Yorkers who, living in the Ninth Assembly District, are thus in the very midst, the focal point, the "point of effort," or the Devey campaign. There are aged Illinoisans who tell their grandchildren of the great Lincoln-Douglas debate, there are those in Massachusetts who as boys heard Daniel Webster, the God-like, speak and recall it vividly, and it is easy to imagine the young members of the Four Corners Club recounting to their children yet unborn the incidents of the ex-"best chiefs" campaign.

No more picturesque personality is ever found in a political canvass than the big man of Mulberry street. No such vocabulary has ever been poured forth in meaphonic accents from the stump. Has any orator ever excelled the aptness of phrase which will make "Sport, Joke and Two Spot" live into another generation? Unlucky is the man whom the Big Chief "puts the cry on." It sticks like a scarlet letter or a government mule brand. A few warm words of "characterization" from Devey and we can see his opponent's finish—routed, horse foot and dragon by a mouthful of winged words.

**Jefferson Park.**—At the opening of the new Jefferson Park in "Little Italy" yesterday there was a wild rush of bare-legged youngsters, who, with their mothers, had been waiting for hours for the moment when the park was declared open. In the larger Italy downtown the Five Points Park is crowded on Sundays. It is then a genuine Roman forum. There is no doubt that ample use will be made of the new park.

## THE PENNSYLVANIA TUNNEL.

In its great tunnel project has the Pennsylvania road reckoned without the Aldermen? Those unfamiliar with the action of aldermanic bodies had supposed that the last obstacle had been removed and that all was now clear sailing for the road. The proceedings yesterday when the Fusionist city fathers joined with the Tammany men in protest against granting the franchise as now drafted showed how unwarranted this confident expectation was. It is not the first step that counts in such undertakings; it is the leap over the last barrier that tells. And from the antagonism displayed yesterday it would appear that this barrier is a seventh-hole bunker with a ditch on the near side.

It is interesting to learn from the report of the proceedings that Alderman Bridges "had a long type-written speech that he did not make." What occurred to turn off the tap of that stream of English pure and undiluted? It is to be hoped that the Aldermen will secure "leave to print."

**Hope for the Pedestrian.**—Polo is now played on automobiles. This combination of destructive agencies is likely to even up the automobilist's mortality list to an average with the pedestrian's.

## A BLIGHTING DECISION.

A decision by the Vice-Chancellor of New Jersey in a corporation case will be held by some persons to be an attempt to blight a growing industry. The corporation concerned was a wall paper manufacturing company, and the decision was rendered in a suit by creditors. It appeared that the corporation's Vice-President, who drew a salary of \$5,000 a year as such and \$96 a week as general manager, had been paid only \$15 a week for his services previous to the meeting of the directors, of whom he was one. Two others of the directors drew \$5,000 a year each as officers of the company. The Vice-Chancellor ruled that the Vice-President's salary be reduced to its original \$15 and those of the other officers scaled down.

Is not this readjustment of the salary list an arbitrary invasion of a corporation's rights and privileges? If, when a company becomes shaky, the officers are not to be permitted to vote themselves some of the remaining surplus in the form of salaries how are they to be better off than the other stockholders? This ruling shakes the very basis on which some corporations are established.

**An Expert Opinion.**—Broker Phillips says that "the present corn deal is a wicked one." He must be believed as one who knows.

## AN INVASION FROM JERSEY.

The westerly breezes which sometimes waft the mosquito across the Hudson to the aristocratic Riverside Drive are now blowing the smoke and fumes of foul-smelling factories into the nostrils of this favored residence section. The exhalations from the chemical works and oil refineries along the Jersey shore are noxious in the extreme. The suffocating gases are a nuisance alike to dwellers on the Palisades and the beautiful boulevard across the river.

The prospect is that the New York sufferers will continue to grin and bear it or express themselves with futile emphasis. It is doubtless necessary that the Jersey river front should be given up to commerce. But to line it with smoke-belching factories is, like the progressing destruction of the Palisades by blasting, a very serious blow to what nature has designed to be one of the most beautiful residence regions in New Jersey.

**A Tempting Prize.**—A prize of \$100,000 awaits the swiftest alrhip at the St. Louis World's Fair. It is a reward to tempt inventive genius. And there will be "millions in it" for the lucky inventor afterward.

## HAVE YOU OOT THAT HAT?

The Evening World on Monday will surprise its readers with the particulars of a great straw-hat hunt which it has devised as a midsummer diversion for the metropolis, and which will be not only a fun-furnishing novelty but will also prove a purse-filling project for several of its readers. The only details of the project that so far have been given publicly are that \$100 in prizes are obtainable by straw-hat wearers of Greater New York and that these prizes are open to every man, woman and child that wears a straw hat, be it Panama, machinaw, manila, rough, smooth, white, black or brown straw.

The conditions of the contest will be so simple that everybody can engage in it. The prizes will be large and worth competing for. No brand or breed of straw hat will be excluded. All that owners of "cadies" will be required to do will be to look into and explore their hats. The Evening World will do the rest.

With these few hints concerning the forthcoming run, wise owners of straw hats will no doubt begin at once to look into them for possible clues to a slice of the \$100 which The Evening World of next Monday will tell all about.

# The Funny Side of Life.

## JOKES OF OUR OWN

### HEAT EXPANDS.

Expansionists are often wont to say: "They've celebrated names upon their lists. But the thermometer mercury to-day is the most ardent of expansionists."

### AGAINST SCRIPTURES.

"I used to serve on a two-masted schooner, but I got religion and quit." "What did religion have to do with it?" "It says, 'A man may not serve two masters.'"

### A NEW VERSION.

The Count of Monte Cristo, having pulled himself from the waves, stood upon the barren rock.

"The world is mine! The world is mine!" he cried exultantly.

"Not quite yet," responded a powerful voice behind him. "I think this scrap will certify that I am in possession."

With a horrified glance, the poor Count perceived that it was M. Jekyllport.

Porgan, the great skatefish founder.

"Followed again," she shrieked. But he was made happy by Porgan's offer to capitalize the island for a 99 per cent fee.

## BORROWED JOKES.

### THE REAL THING.

"Here is a spicy story," remarked the snake editor, as he glanced over an exchange.

"What is it?" queried the horse reporter.

"An account of a fight between two common-beans," remarked the a. e.

with a grin that was nothing if not mendish.—Chicago Daily News.

### INCOMPATIBILITY.

Neil—They were divorced on the grounds of incompatibility.

Belle—How was that?

Neil—He refused to wear the necktie she bought him to match the carpets and wallpaper.—Philadelphia Record.

### PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

"Don't you think a man's personal appearance may help or hinder him a great deal?"

"I do," answered Senator Sorghum; "take my own business, for instance. A Senator isn't nearly so apt to try to bully a fellow-statesman of an athletic and pugilistic type as he is an under-sized man."—Washington Star.

## SOMEBODIES.

**CAMP, MRS. IDA B.**—of Cairo, Mich., has struck out in a rather unique line of curios. She has the largest private collection of cactus in America.

**GROUT, COMPTROLLER**—will sail on July 26 for Germany, remaining there until September.

**GORAKSHANCE, THE**—of Nagpur, India, sent the oddest coronation gift King Edward has received. It is a marble cow, with a memorial, shaped out of blades of grass, in its mouth.

**MULLER, FRANZ**—the Vienna artist, has just received \$300 damages for a broken finger nail. Muller is indignantly vain. It is said, of his nails. A jealous acquaintance broke one of the nails and the artist sued.

**TROWBRIDGE, LADY**—sister of the Countess of Dudley, has written a play of English society life for Mrs. Langtry.

**YUNG WING, DR.**—who is at present in San Francisco, was the first Chinaman to receive an American college diploma, being graduated from Yale in 1854.

## THREE WISHES.

An infant in its cradle slept. And in its sleep it smiled.

And one by one three wishes knelt To kiss the fair-haired child;

And each thought of the days to be And breathed a prayer half silently.

One poured her love on many lives. But knew love's toll had been to her;

Its burdens oft had been to her A heavy weight to bear.

She stooped and murmured lovingly: "Not hardened hands, dear child, for thee."

One had not known the burdened hands.

But knew the empty heart; At life's rich banquet she had sat.

An unfed guest, apart. "Oh, not," she whispered tenderly.

"An empty heart, dear child, for thee."

One was old; she had known care. She had known loneliness;

She knew God leads us by no path His presence cannot bless.

She smiled and murmured, trustfully, "God's will, God's will, dear child, for thee." —British Weekly.

## Before Appendicitis.

To the Editor of The Evening World: In regard to "Ex-M.D." letter saying people knew nothing of appendicitis twenty years ago, I would like to say that before appendicitis was discovered a good many people died with it, and the doctors did not know what it was. C. W. C.

## Scouts the Boston Critic.

To the Editor of The Evening World: "Beacon Street," who roasts us New Yorkers, ought to have a guardian. He says our city is ugly and our people are homely. We don't have any here and have the nerve to call them streets.

## Answers the Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World: The problem, "A man sold wood at 15 per cent profit; had the wood cost

as in Boston. Where in the United States can you find more beautiful wood on New York? It would be impossible to describe our charming men. Of course I admit there are a few monkeys, but they are sometimes from Boston. The Boston women are often disfigured with glasses. Let them come over and have a look at the beautiful women from Twenty-third street during shopping hours.

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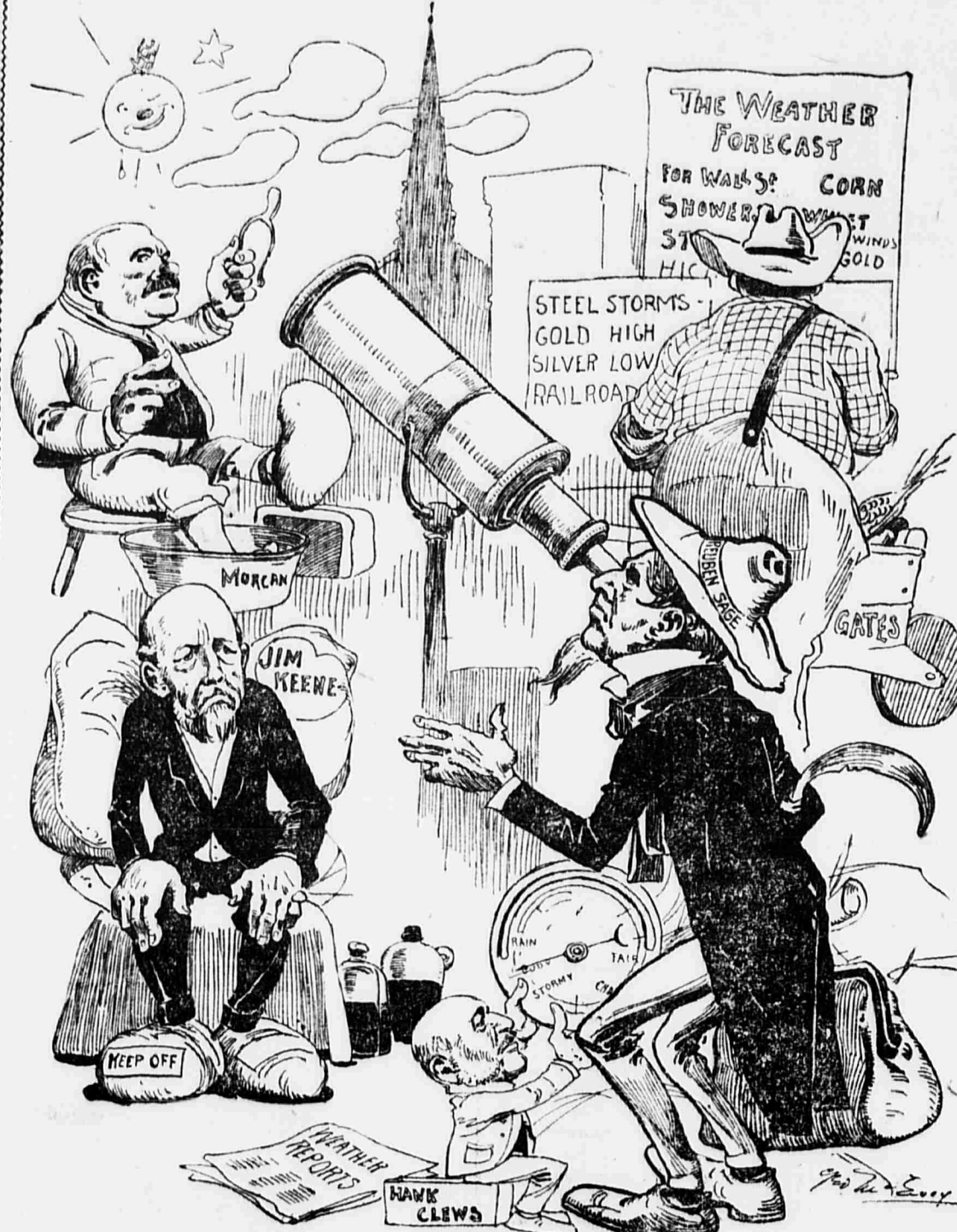
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## THE WEATHER IN WALL STREET.



Uncle Si an' Hank an' Sethy hev big in'trest in the crop. They're watchin' spry to see if things is goin' to rise or drop. The Wishbone and the Aching Cane and Reuben's Rheumatiz Are called on 'most all day to tell just what the prospects is.

## OF INTEREST TO HIM.



## ZEALOUS.



Mistress—Good gracious, Janet! What are you doing? And my best china, too! Jane—You told me to be careful about putting cracked china on the table this time, and there wasn't enough to go round, so I had to crack some more.

## REVENGE.



Maid—The missus says \$3 a week for sprinklin' the street is robbery, an' she won't have it sprinkled. Muldookie—She won't, eh? I'll show her what I think of her 'voit'! I'll sprinkle her street in spite of her, be god!

## EASY TO ACQUIRE.



He—No, I don't think Jones will succeed as a writer. He hasn't a facile pen. She—Well, why doesn't he buy a box of them, then?

## UNINTERESTED.



Tourist—So you were the guide of the man who jumped off this cliff yesterday? What did he do it for? Guide—I don't know. I forgot to ask him before he jumped, and afterward it was too late.

## QUITE THE REVERSE.



His Wife—Since George has been married his hair has turned coal black. Her Husband—Tut! Tut! Since I've been married mine has turned gray.

# ODDITY CORNER.

## WE'RE BIG!

The population of the entire Australian continent is but a few thousand greater than that of New York City, viz., 3,775,128.

## OLD BRANDY.

Some of the late Lord Henry Bentinck's bric-a-brac, which had passed into the possession of H. Chaplin, was sold in London last night, the 1738 vintage selling for \$15 a bottle, a record price, and the rest at from \$15 to \$16 a bottle. Hock of 1861 sold for \$100 a dozen.

## THE BRAMBLE BUSH PUZZLE.



Every town known to the nursery world has laid claim to a very unwise man who was foolish enough to jump into a bramble bush and out again to the detriment of both his eyes. Our puzzle is based upon this old-fashioned jingle. At the right of the picture is shown a figure in animated position. It is to be cut out and so fitted in the bramble bush that not one thorn or branch will touch the body, which only goes to show that we are more kind to the man than he was to himself.

## THE CORK-DART GAME.

The cork dart is made with a common cork, a horseshoe nail and a chicken's wing feather. Get a cork about an inch in diameter at the large end and about an inch and a half in length. Run the horseshoe nail through lengthwise until the head barely protrudes from the long end of the cork, which will leave the sharp point of the nail sticking out of the small end.

Now take the feather—the wing feather of a full-grown chicken—and, having pulled the nail partly out of the cork, insert the stem of the feather in the hole and push the nail in again as tightly as you can, to hold the feather firmly in place. This will complete the dart.

This simple little toy, if thrown with some force, will invariably strike a board point first and stick there, and lots of fun and exercise may be had with it by dividing a party into sides and throwing the dart at a paper target attached to a stout board.

## FIRST FUEL OIL SYSTEM.

Preparations for the use of fuel oil on the locomotives of the Southern Pacific Railroad have been going on for some time past. It is now reported, according to the Iron Age, that this company intends to equip its entire system for burning fuel oil, including engines, ferry-boats and steamers. Large storage tanks, of 50,000 barrels each, are being built along the line of railroad at convenient distances. Some 210 locomotives have already been converted, and others are being changed as promptly as possible.

## ELECTRIC WATCH.

An invention which is likely to revolutionize the watchmaking industry has been perfected by a Swiss watchmaker named David Perret, of Marin, near Neuchatel. It is a watch which goes by electricity. It was severely tested by experts, and it was found that it gained only seven-tenths of a second in five weeks. The expert at the observatory at Neuchatel declares the watch to be equal in precision to an expensive chronometer. The watch resembles an ordinary gentleman's watch, and even for fifteen years without being rewound.

## THE M'INTYRE FLAT.

They Secure a Prize and at Last Learn Its Value.

A FRIEND of his, who owns a coffee mine down in Central America, sent Mr. McIntyre a Panama hat. It came by express and the company's charges were \$3.46; and then the customs people got their hooks into it to the tune of 40 per cent, ad valorem; and as McIntyre's friend had written that it was worth \$160, the duty was \$64. Then it cost \$240 more to have it blocked and made fit for publication.

The hat, up to this point of the game, had cost \$286.56, apart from the original \$160; but it was worth it. It looked like a fried egg that had exploded and had then been a ghost. McIntyre wouldn't wear it. He was genuine when he said the crown like Mount Pelee, jammed a few canyons in the sides and wore the brim a la Reuben. When he brought it into the McIntyre flat it took up a whole room by itself. The McIntyres gazed on it with awe. Then McIntyre went forth and set back his bank account \$78.93 by buying a costume to harmonize with it.

It was pleasant to amble down the street followed by envious eyes; sweet it was to wear it about the office and try to impress men who are not easy to impress.

The fact that he was wearing a \$286.56 hat made him feel as if sudden wealth had gone to his head. Now, there is a decidedly jolly crowd who have a way of dropping into the McIntyre flat on summer evenings for a loaf, some music, a smoke and very cold beer. They viewed the hat with such admiration that McIntyre decided to put it through its paces.

"The imitation Panamas," he said, "break when crushed or bent. The real ones like this, however, being made under water, can be rolled up like stout cloth without any injury. For instance," he went on, suiting the action to the word, "I roll this hat up in a ball! I wring it like a dishcloth between my fists; I even put it on the floor and stamp on it. Now," picking it up, "if this were a fake it would be ruined. As it's genuine you'll see it's as good as ever. Maybe better."

He started to unroll the compact, misused headgear. He had no trouble doing so.

Gently, restfully, he opened up; no more a snowy hat, but eighty-seven irregular morsels of battered straw, which fluttered one by one to the ground.

"If they turn out no better canals down there than their hats," observed McIntyre ruefully, "Congress has wasted a lot of valuable time over that silly old Panama treaty."

A. F. TERHUNE.

## MANILA FACETIOUSNESS.

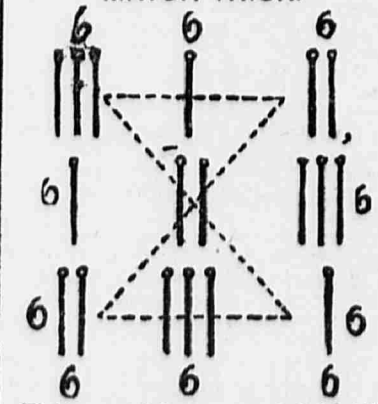
The iceman who robbed the big plant by selling the congealed stuff to a saloon-keeper and pocketed the proceeds has gone to Bilibid for five months. How would you like to be the iceman—Manila American.

## THE STRONG GUATEMALANS.



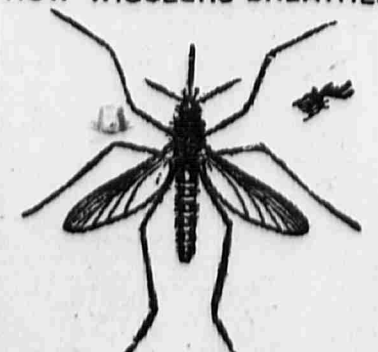
This picture shows how an Indian woman of Guatemala carries her baby and a few other things. These Indians are constitutionally lazy and will work only when they have to do so to earn a little for immediate needs. But they are very strong. The men employed as porters carry immense loads of wood, corn, vegetables or pottery on their backs, the load being held in place by the meacanal, or leather strap across the forehead. The women, with infants on their backs and heavy baskets on their heads, think nothing of walking twelve or fifteen miles under a blazing sun. Often a woman has her baby slung from her hips for hours while she kneads or pounds corn to make tortillas. The child is heels over head half the time, but doesn't seem to mind it a bit.

## MATCH TRICK.



Eighteen matches are needed for this trick. Arrange them in such a way that you have three single ones, three lots of two and three lots of three, separately on the table. The task is to group the matches in three lines, each containing three parts, in such a way that the aggregate sums of all lines, horizontal, perpendicular and diagonal, is six. The illustration shows how the matches must be arranged.

## HOW WIGGLERS BREATHE.



The larvae of Gulex, commonly known as wigglers, are familiar to almost every one, and are the common wigglers found in horse troughs and rain-water barrels, which wriggle around in the water, returning at frequent intervals to the surface to breathe, and when at the surface hanging with simply the tip of the tail extruding, the rest of the body being held below the surface at a great angle. What is called the tail is simply the wiggler's tube.